

# A MITE from a MOURNER:

Upon the Loss of that Faithful and Able Minister of the Gospel,

M<sup>R</sup>. RICHARD KENTISH,

Who departed this Life Jan. 31. 1676.

What must we put our Second Mourning on,  
Before our Mourning for dear *Fowler's* gone?  
Must we for *Kentish* go to and lament,  
Before for *Fowler* we were well content?  
Ah, stay thy hand (dear Lord) say 'tis enough,  
Else make this way plain that to us seems rough.  
Ah when he followed *Fowler* to his Urn,  
We little thought so soon would be his turn.  
But, *England, England*, we fear that thy field  
Hath little harvest more to Christ to yield;  
Cause Labourers are call'd to take their wages,  
Thou little think'st what Leanness this presages.  
Ten hath been call'd within this twelve moneths day,  
Now *Kentish* too is call'd to take his pay:  
All which were faithful to their Master Christ,  
And laboured hard till call'd up to the High'st:  
Whilest we poor Sheaves alas are yet unhous'd,  
And know not with what Prong we must be rous'd.  
Our hope is onely this, that God who carves  
Never dealt yet with us as sin deserves:  
For we alas have but play'd with our light;  
Our deeds sure God fees suits best with the night:  
Therefore our Candlesticks are thus remov'd,  
In token that our works are disapprov'd.  
These us'd to invite sinners to Christs wedding,  
And was till late in our high way a Bidding.  
Come let us look, have we got wedding garments?  
For Bidders now are preaching Farewel Sermons:  
And we have warning now to stand and fear,  
This is the last time that this man must hear.  
How like a Puritan did *Kentish* walk,  
In Habit, Hair, yea like to them in talk?  
He was a patern unto this proud Age,  
Whose pride and covetousness good works asswage.  
His life shew'd forth that to him Christ was given,  
His holy Soul now suits a holy Heaven:  
For its not all that cries to Christ, Lord, Lord,  
Must enter Heaven: look else in his Word,  
Though this Age fancies all that dyes are blest,  
And every Glutton no doubt goes to rest;  
Their friends conceit, and to each other tell  
That heartening word, No doubt but he is well.  
This *Dives* fear'd his Brethren thought of him,  
And would not mend, but to those torments swim:  
For *Lazarus* must be sent from the dead  
To tell them news how he was tormented.

Ah, its from sin not in sin men are saved;  
*Kentish* had this pledge before he was grav'd.  
Through dangers and afflictions this man went  
Of Liberty and Goods, yet was content.  
He counted charge before that he did build;  
'Twas Faith in God that was his only Shield.  
He did bear witness in his Generation  
Against the growing Evils of this Nation.  
He proved Christ long, yet to his dying day  
He held him forth the new and living way.  
For Humane Learning too he had that art,  
Yea he was learn'd to chuse the better part.  
That he was more then Man was all of grace,  
Therefore in God we all the glory place.

## An ACROSTICK.

Rest not O then in this sad Wilderness;  
It is a place you see of great distress:  
Come let us towards Heaven set our Faces,  
Hath not dear *Jesus* prepar'd better places?  
Are not our Teachers gone? Then let us follow;  
Run then by Faith and hear the foremost hollow:  
Dull Souls are they that in yond World do wallow.

Know'st thou, O Man, that Death works night and  
Enough it is if God but to him say, (day?)  
Now strike that man, and send him to his Judge;  
Turn he will to thee though thou at him grudge.  
It's nought to him if thou art not prepar'd;  
Sitting he will deep if for Christ thou near car'd:  
Hark else to *Dives*, who so finely far'd.

## EPI TAPH.

Here lyeth one whilest living he did speak  
To such as thou art, off from sin to break,  
And joyn with Christ, 'cause ere long thou must stand  
Eternally as this Judge shall command.  
And though he's dead, yet he to thee doth preach;  
Thy Souls immortal, Man: yea, he doth teach  
Thy body's dust: Alas, what art thou proud,  
That must ere long with me 'mongst the dead croud?

## FINIS.

London, Printed in the Year 1676. 98.